

Thomas d'Courville is a piece of such
utterly shapeless, spiritless, wordless, senseless,
helpless, worthless rubbish, that there is no known
word of his age to whom it can be imputed
without the infection of an irreparable insult
on that writer's memory. A. C. Linscombe

2. This is said copies of Sedgwick's statement
that it sh^d be cleared among his best and
maturest works.

cat

THE
True Chronicle Hi-
storie of the whole life and death
of *Thomas Lord Cromwell.*

As it hath beene sundry times pub-
likely Acted by the Kings Majesties
Seruants.

Written by W. S.



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1613.

The life and death of the Lord *Cromwell.*

*Enter three Smiths, Hodge and two other,
old Cromwells men.*

Hodge.



Ome Maisters, I thinke it be past fve a clock,
Is it not time we were at worke?

My old Maister heele be stirring anon.

I cannot tell whether my old master will be
stirring or no: but I am sure I can hardly take my
afternoones nap, for my young maister *Thomas*,

He keepe such a quile in his studie,
With the Sunne, and the Moone, and the seaven starres,
That I doe verily thinke heele read out his wits.

Hod. He skill of the starrest theres good-man *Car of Falloway*,
He that carried vs to the strong Ale, where goody *Trundell*
Had her maide got with childe: O he knowes the Starres,
Heele tickle you *Charles Waine* in nine degrees,
That same man will tell goody *Trundell*
When her Ale shall miscary, onely by the starres.

I that's a great vertue indeed, I thinke *Thomas*
Be no body in comparison to him.

Well Maisters come, shall we to our hammers?

Hod. I content, first lets take our mornings draught,
And then to worke roundly.

I agreed, goe in *Hodge.*

Exit omnes.

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good morrow morne, I doe salute thy brightnesse,
The night seemes tedious to my troubled soule:

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Whose

Whole black obscuritie blinde in my minde
A thousand sundry cogitations
And now *Surra* with a lively dye,
Addes comfort to my spirit that mountes on high,
Too high indeede, my state being so meane:
My study like a minerall of gold,
Makes my hart proude wherein my hope's inrowld,
My bookes is all the wealth I doe possesse, *Here within they*
And vnto them I haue ingaged my hart, *must beate with*
O learning how deuine thou seemes to me: *their hammers.*
Within whose armes is all felicity?
Peace with your hammers, leaue your knocking there,
You doe disturbe my study and my rest,
Leaue off I say, you made me with the noyse.

Enter Hodge and the two Men.

Hod. Why how now Maister *Thomas* how now,
Will you not let vs worke for you?

Crom. You fret my hart, with making of this noife.

Hod. How fret your hart? I but *Thomas*, youle
Fret your fathers purse if you let vs from working.

I this tis for him to make him a gentleman,
Shall we leaue worke for your musing, thats well I saith?
But here comes my old Maister now.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. You idle knaues, what are you loytring now,
No hammers walking and my worke to doe?
What not a heate among your worke to day?

Hod. Marry sir your sonne *Thomas* will not let vs worke at all,

Old Crom. Why knaue I say, haue I thus carkde and car'd
And all to keepe thee like a gentleman,
And dost thou let my seruants at their worke:
That sweat for thee knaue? labour thus for thee?

Crom. Farther their hammers doe offend my studie.

Old Crom. Out of my doores knaue if thou likest it not,
I cry you mercy is your cares so fine?
I tell thee knaue these get when I doe sleepe,
I will not haue my Anuill stand for thee.

Crom. There's

of the Lord Cromwell.

Crom. There's money father, I will pay your men. *Heshroues*
Old Cro. Haue I thus brought thee vp vnto my cost, *money*
 In hope that one day thou wouldst releue my age, *money*
 And art thee now so lauish of thy coine,
 To scatter it among these idle knaues?

Crom. Father be patient, and content your selfe;
 The time will come I shall hold golde as trash:
 And here I speake with a presaging soule,
 To build a pallace where now this cottage stands,
 As fine as is King *Henrius*, house at Sheene.

Old Crom. You build a house? you knaue, youle be a begger,
 Now afore God all is but cast away
 That is bellowed vpon this churlelike lad,
 Well, had I bound him to some honest trade:
 This had not beene, but it was his mothers doing,
 To send him to the Vniuersitie:
 How builde a house where now this cottage stands,
 As faire as that at Sheene? he shall not hurt me,
 A good boy *Tom*, I con thee thanke *Tom*,
 Well said *Tom*, gramercies *Tom*,
 Into your worke knaues hence you saulie boy:

Exit all but young Cromwell.

Cro. Why should my birth keepe downe my mounting spirit?
 Are not all creatures subiect vnto time?
 To time, who doth abuse the world,
 And filles it full of hodge-podge bastardy,
 There's legions now of beggars on the earth,
 That their originall did spring from Kings:
 And many Monarkes now whose fathers were,
 The raffe-raffe of their age: for time and Fortune
 Weares out a noble raine to beggery,
 And from the dunghill minions doe aduance
 To state: and marke in this admiring world,
 This is but course, which in the name of Fate
 Is scene as often as it whirles about:
 The River *Thames*: that by our doore doth passe,
 His first beginning is but small and shallow:

The Lift and Death

Yet keeping on his course, grows to a sea.
And likewise *Wolsey*, the wonder of our age,
His birth as meane as mine, a Butchers sonne
Now who within this land a greater man?
Then *Cromwell* cheere thee vp, and tell thy soule,
That thou maist liue to flourish and controule.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom *Cromwell*, what Tom I say.

Crom. Doe you call sir?

Old Crom. Here is Maister *Bowser* come to know, if you haue
dispatched his petition, for the Lords of the counsell or no.

Crom. Father I haue, please you to call him in.

Old Crom. That's well said Tom, a good lad Tom.

Enter Maister Bowser.

Bow. Now Maister *Cromwell*, haue you dispatched this

Crom. I haue sir, here it is, please you peruse it. (petition?)

Bow. It shall not need, weele read it as we goe by water:

And Maister *Cromwell*, I haue made a motion

May doe you good, and if you like of it.

Our Secretarie at *Antwarpe*, sir is dead,

And the Marchants there hath sent to me,

For to prouide a man fit for the place:

Now I doe know none fitter then your selfe,

If with your liking it stand Maister *Cromwell*.

Crom. With all my hart sir, and I much am bound,
In loue and duty for your kindnesse showne.

Old Crom. Body of me Tom make hast, least some body
Get betweene thee and home Tom.

I thanke you good Maister *Bowser*, I thanke you for my boy,
I thanke you alwayes, I thanke you most hartely sir:

Hoe a cup of Beere there for Maister *Bowser*.

Bow. It shall not need sir, Maister *Cromwell* will you goe?

Crom. I will attend you sir.

Old Crom. Farewell Tom, God bleesse thee Tom,
God speed thee good Tom.

Exit omnes.

Enter Bagot a Broker, solus.

Bag. I hope this day is fatall vnto some,

And

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of the Lord Cromwell.

And by their losse must *Bagot* seeke to gaine,
This is the lodging of Maister *Friskiball*,
A liberall Marchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Banister* owes a thousand pound,
A Marchant Bankrout, whose Father was my Maister,
What doe I care, for pitie or regarde?
He once was wealthy, but he now is false,
And this morning haue I got him arrested;
At the sute of Maister *Friskiball*,
And by this meanes shall I be sure of coyn,
For doing this same good to him vnknowne:
And in good time, see where the Marchant comes.

Enter Friskiball.

Bag. Good morrow to kinde Maister *Friskiball*.

Fris. God morrow to your selfe good maister *Bagot*,
And whats the newes you are so earely stirring?
It is for gaine, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the loue sir that I beare to you,
When did you see your debter *Banister*?

Fris. I promise you, I haue not scene the man
This two moneths day, his puerrie is such,
As I doe thinke he shames to see his friends.

Bag. Why then assure your selfe to see him straight,
For at your sute I haue arrested him,
And here they will be with him presently.

Fris. Arrest him at my sute? you were to blame,
I know the mans misfortunes to be such,
As hee's not able for to pay the debt,
And were it knowne to some he were vndone.

Bag. This is your pittifull hart to thinke it so,
But you are much deceaued in *Banister*,
Why such as he will breake for fashion sake,
And vnto those they owe a thousand pound,
Pay scarce a hundred: O sir beware of him,
The man is lewdly giuen, to Dyce and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in harlots companys,

The Life and Death

It is no mercy for to pierce him,
I speake the truth of him, for nothing els,
But for the kindnesse that I beare to you,
Fris. If it be so, he hath deceiued me much,
And to deale strictly with such a one as he,
Better severe then too much lenitie,
But here is Maister *Banister* himselfe,
And with him as I take the officers.

Enter Banister, his wife, and two officers.

Ban. O Maister *Friskeball* you haue vndone me,
My state was well nigh ouerthrowne before,
Now altogether downe-cast by your meanes.

Mist. Ba. O master *Friskeball*, pity my husbands case
Hee is a man hath liued as well as any,
Till enuious fortune and the rauenous Sea
Did rob, disrobe, and spoile vs of our owne.

Fris. Mistris *Banister*, I enuie not your husband,
Nor willingly would I haue vsed him thus:
But that I heare hee is so lewdely giuen,
Haunts wicked company, and hath enough
To pay his debts, yet will not be knowne thereof.

Ban. This is that damned Broker, that same *Bagot*,
Whom I haue often from my Trencher fed,
Ingratefull villaine for to vse me thus.

Bag. What I haue said to him is naught but truth.

M. Ba. What thou hast said springs from an enuious hart.
A Canniball that doth eate men aliue,
But here vpon my knee belecue me sir,
And what I speake, so helpe me God is true,
We scarce haue meate to feede our little Babes,
Most of our Plate is in that Brokers hand,
Which had we mony to defray our debts
O thinke wee would not bide that penurie:
Be mercifull, kinde maister *Friskeball*,
My husband, children, and my selfe will eate
But one meale a day, the other will we keepe and sell,

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of the Lord Cromwell.

As part to pay the debt we owe to you
If euer teares did pierce a tender minde,
Be pittifull, let me some fauour finde.

Bag. Be not you so mad fir, to beleue his teares.

Fri. Goto, I see thou art an enuious man,
Good mistris *Banister* kneele not to me,
I pray rise vp, you shall haue your desire.
Holde officers, be gone, ther's for your paines,
You know you owe to me a thousand pound,
Here take my hand, if eare God make you able,
And place you in your former state againe,
Pay me: but if still your fortune frowne,
Vpon my faith Ile neuer aske you crowtie:
I neuer yet did wrong to men in thrall,
For God doth know what to my selfe may fall.

Bar. This vnexpected fauour vnderferued,
Doth make my hart bleed inwardly with ioy,
Nere may ought prosper with me is my owne,
If I forget this kindnesse you haue showne.

Mi. Ba. My children in their prayers both night and day,
For your good fortune and successe shall pray.

Fri. I thanke you both, I pray goe dine with me,
Within these three dayes, if God giue me leaue,
I will to *Florence* to my native home,

Bagot holde, theres a Portague to drinke,
Although you ill deserued it by your merit,
Giue not such cruell scope vnto your hart,
Be sure the ill you doe will be requited,
Remember what I say, *Bagot* farewell,
Come Maister *Banister*, you shall with me,
My fare's but simple, but welcome hartly. *Exit all but Bagot.*

Bag. A plague goe with you, would you had eate your last,
Is this the thanks I haue for all my paines?
Confusion light vpon you all for me,
Where he had wont to giue a score of crowties,
Doth he now foyst me with a Portague:
Well, I will be reuenged vpon this *Banister*.

The Life and Death

Ile to his Creditors, buy all the debts he owes,
As seeming that I doe it for good-will,
I am sure to haue them at an easie rate,
And when tis done, in Christendome he staines not,
But ile make his hart t'ake with sorrow,
And if that *Banister* become my debter
By heauen and earth ile make his plague the greater. *Exit Bagot.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now gentlemen imagine, that young *Cromwell* is
In *Antwarpe*, Ledger for the English Marchants:
And *Banister* to shunne this *Bagots* hate,
Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
Is fled to *Antwarpe*, with his wife and children,
Which *Bagot* hearing is gone after them:
And thether sends his billes of debt before,
To be reuenged on wretched *Banister*,
What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
A iust requitall of false trecherie. *Exit.*

*Cromwell in his Study with bags of money
before him casting of account.*

Crom. Thus farre my reckoning doth goe straight and even:
But *Cromwell* this same plodding fits not thee:
Thy minde is altogether set on trauell,
And not to liue thus cloystered like a Nunne,
It is not this same trash that I regard,
Experience is the iewell of my hart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I pray sir, are you ready to dispatch me?

Crom. Yes heres those summes of money you must cary.
You goe so farre as Frankford, doe you not?

Post. I doe sir,

Crom. Well prethee make all the hast thou canst,
For there be certaine English gentlemen
Are bound for Venice, and may happily want
And if that you should linger by the way:
But in hope that you will make good speed,

There's

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of the Lord Cromwell.

There's two Angels to buy you spurre and wandes.

Pa. I thanke you sir, this will adde winges indeede.

Crom. Golde is of power to make an Eagles speed.

Enter Mistris Banister.

What gentlewoman is this that greetes so much?

It seemes she doth addresse her selfe to me.

Mi. Ba. God saue you sir, pray is your name Maister Cromwell.

Crom. My name is Thomas Cromwell, gentlewoman.

Mi. Ba. Know you not one *Baget* sir, that's cometo *Antwarpe*?

Crom. No trust me, I neuer saw the man,

But here are billes of debt I haue receiued

Against one *Banister* a Marchant fallen into decay.

Mi. Ba. Into decay indeede, long of that wretch;

I am the wife to wofull *Banister*,

And by that bloudy villaine am perswade,

From London here to *Antwarpe*,

My husband he is in the gouernours hands:

And God of heauen knowes how he'll deale with him,

Now sir your hart is framed of milder temper,

Be mercifull to a distressed soule,

And God no doubt will treble blesse your gaine.

Crom. Good Mistris *Banister*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my power.

Mi. Ba. O speake to *Baget*, that same wicked wretch,
An Angels voyce may moue a damned diuell.

Crom. Why is he come to *Antwarpe* as you here?

Mi. Ba. I hard he landed some two houres since.

Crom. Well Mistris *Banister* assure your selfe,

Ile speake to *Baget* in your owne behalfe:

And winne him t'all the pittie that I can,

Meane time, to comfort you in your distresse,

Receiue these Angels to releue your neede,

And be assured that what I can effect:

To doe you good, no way I will neglect.

Mi. Ba. That mighty God that knowes each mortals hart,
Keepe you from trouble, sorrow, grieve and smart. *Exit Mi. Ba.*

The life and Death

Crow. Thanks courteous woman,
For thy hartie prayer:
It greues my soule to see her millerie,
But we that liue vnder the worke of fate,
May hope the best, yet knowes not to what state
Our starres and destinies hath vs assignde,
Fickle is Fortune, and her face is blinde.

Enter Bagot solus.

Bag. So all goes well, it is as I would haue it,
Banister he is with the *Gouernour*:
And shortly shall haue giues vpon his heeles,
It glads my hart to thinke vpon the slave,
I hope to haue his body rot in prison:
And after here, his wife to hang her selfe,
And all his children die for want of foode,
The Jewels I haue brought to *Antwarpe*,
Are recon'd to be worth fise thousand pound,
Which scarcely stooode me in three hundred pound,
I bought them at an easie kinde of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That sould them me, it comes not neare my hart.
And least they should be stolne as sure they are,
I thought it meete to sell them here in *Antwarpe*,
And so haue left them in the *Gouernours* hand,
Who offers me within two hundred pound
Of all my price: but now no more of that,
I must goe see and if my billes be safe,
The which I sent to *Maister Cromwell*,
That if the winde should keepe me on the sea,
He might arrest him here before I came:

And in good time, see where he is: God saue you sir.

Crow. And you, pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so sir, but my name is *Bagot*,
The man that sent to you the billes of debt.

Crow. O the man that peruses *Banister*,

Here :

of the Lord Cromwell.

Here are the billes of debt you sent to me:
 As for the man you know best where he is,
 It is reported yu'ave a flintie hart,
 A minde that will not stoope to any pittie;
 An eye that knowes not how to shed a teare,
 A hand thats alwayes open fur reward,
 But Maister *Bagot* would you be ruled by me:
 You should turne all these to the contrarie,
 Your hart should still haue feeling of remorse,
 Your minde, according to your state, be liberall
 To those that stand in neede and in distresse;
 Your hand to helpe them that doe stand in want,
 Rather then with your poysie to holde them downe,
 For euery ill turne show your selfe more kinde,
 Thus should I doe, pardon, I speake my minde.

Bag. I sir, you speake to here what I would say,
 But you must liue I know, as well as I:
 I know this place to be extortion,
 And tis not for a man to keepe safe here,
 But he must lye, cog, with his dearest friend;
 And as for pittie, scorne it, hate all conscience,
 But yet I doe commend your wit in this,
 To make a show, of what I hope you are not,
 But I commend you and tis well done,
 This is the onely way to bring your game.

Crom. My gaine: I had rather chaine me to an ore,
 And like a slave there toile out all my life,
 Before idle liue so base a slave as thou:
 I like an hipocrite to make a show,
 Of seeming vertue and a diuell within?
 No *Bagot*, if thy conscience were as cleare,
 Poore *Banister*, nere had beene troubled here.

Bag. Nay good Maister *Cromwell* be not angry sir,
 I know full well that you are no such man,
 But if your conscience were as white as snow,
 It will be thought that you are otherwise,

Crom. Will it be thought that I am other wise?

The Life and Death

Let them that thinke so know they are decei'd;
Shall *Cromwell* liue to haue his faith misconsterd,
Antwarpe for all the wealth within thy Towne
I will not stay here full two houres longer:
As good lucke serues, my accounts are all made euen,
Therefore ile straight vnto the Treasurer,
Bagot, I know youle to the gouernour,
Commend me to him, say I am bound to trauaile,
To see the fruitfull parts of Italy,
And as you euer bore a Christian minde,
Let *Banister* some fauour of you finde.

Bag. For your sake sir ile helpe him all I can,
To starue his hart out ere he gets a groate,
So Maister *Cromwell* doe I take my leaue,
For I must straight vnto the gouernour.

Exit Bagot.

Crom. Farewell sir, pray you remember what I said:
No *Cromwell*, no, thy hart was nere so base
To liue by falshoode or by brokery,
But 't fallies out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in trauell shall be spent.

Enter Hodge his fathers man.

Hod. Your sonne *Thomas*, quoth you, I haue beene *Thomas*,
I had thought it had beene no such matter to a gone by water: for
at Putney ile goe you to Parish-garden for two pence, sit as still as
may be, without any wagging or loulting in my guttes, in a little
boate too: here vve were scarce foure mile in the great greene
water, but I thinking to goe to my afternoones vnchines, as twas
my manner at home, but I felt a kinde of rising in my guttes: at
last one of the Sailers (spying of me, be a good cheere sayes hee, set
downe thy victuals, and vp with it, thou hast nothing but an
Eele in thy belly: Well, too't went I, to my victuals went the
Sailers, & thinking me to be a man of better experience then any
in the shippe, asked mee what Woode the shippe was made of:
they all swore I coulde them as right as if I had beene acquainted
with

of the Lord Cromwell.

with the Carpenter that made it, at last wee grew neere land, and I grew villanous hungry, went to my bagge, the diuell a bit there was, the Sailers had tickled mee, yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindnesse, for I in kindnesse tould them what Wood the shippe was made of, and they in kindnesse eate vp my victuals, as indeede one good turne asketh another: well would I, could I, finde my Maister *Thomas* in this Dutch Towne, he might put some English Beare into my belly.

Crom. What *Hodge* my fathers man, by my hand welcome, How doth my father? whats the newes at home?

Hod.—Maister *Thomas*, O God Maister *Thomas*, your hand, gloue and all, this is to giue you to vnderstanding that your father is in health, and *Alice Denning* here hath sent you a Nutmeg, and *Besse Make water* a race of Ginger, my fellow *Will* and *Tom* hath betwene them sent you a dozen of points, and good-man *Telle*, of the Goate, a paire of mittons, my selfe came in person, and this is all the newes.

Crom. Grammarie good *Hodge*, and thou art welcome to me, But in as ill a time thou comest as may be:

For I am trauellling into Italy,
What saist thou *Hodge*, wilt thou beare me company?

Hodge. Will I beare thee company *Tom*, what tell'st me of Italy, were it to the furthest part of Flanders, I would goe with thee *Tom*, I am thine in all weale and woe, thy owne to commaund, what *Tom*, I haue passed the rigorous waues of *Nephtunes* blasties, I tell you *Thomas* I haue beene in the danger of the fouds, and when I haue scene *Bureas* beginne to play the Ruffin with vs, then would I downe a my knes and call vpon *Vulcan*.

Crom. And why vpon him?

Hod. Because as this same fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas, so *Vulcan* is L O R D over the Smiths, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would haue some care yet of me.

Crom. A good conceit, but tell me hast thou din'd yet?

Hod. *Thomas* to speake the truth, not a bit yet I.

Crom. Come goe with me, thou shalt haue cheere good store.
And farewell *Antwarpe* if I come no more.

Hodge. I follow thee sweet *Tom*, I follow thee

Exit ambo.

Enter

The life and Death

Enter the Gouernour of the English house, Bagot, Banister, his wife, and two officers.

Gouern. Is *Cromwell* gonethen, say you Maister *Bagot*,
What dislike, I pray, what was the cause?

Bag. To tell you true, a wilde braine of his owne,
Such youth as they, cannot see when they are well:
He is all bent to trauaile, thats his reason,
And doth not loue to eate his bread at home.

Gou. Well, good fortune with him, if the man be gone.
We hardly shall finde such a one as he,
To fit our turnes, his dealings were so honest:
But now sir, for your Iewels that I haue,
What doe you say? what will you take my prise?

Bag. O sir, you offer too much vnderfootc.

Gou. Tis but two hundred pound betweene vs man,
Whata that in payment of fise thousand pound.

Bag. Two hundred pound birladie sir tis great,
Before I got so much, it made me sweat.

Gou. Well Maister *Bagot* Ile proffer you fairely,
You see this Marchant Maister *Banister*,
Is going now to prison at your sute.

His substance all is gone, what would you haue?
Yet in regarde I knew the man of wealth,
Neuer dishonest dealing, but such mishaps
Hath false on him, may light on me, or you;
There is two hundred pound betweene vs,
We will diuide the same, He giue you one,
On that condition you will set him free:
His state is nothing, that you see your selfe,
And where naught is the King must lose his right.

Bag. Sir, sir, you speake out of your loue,
Tis foolish loue sir sure to pteie him:
Therefore content your selfe, this is my minde,
To doe him good I will not bate a penie:

Ban. This is my comfort though thou dost no good,
A mighty ebbe followes a mighty flood.

of the Lord Cromwell.

M. B. O thou base wretch, whom we haue foster'd,
Euen as a Serpent for to poyson vs,
If God did euer right a womans wrong:
To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heany wrath fall on thy head,
By whom my hopes and ioyes are butchered.

Bag. Alas fond woman, I prethee pray thy worst,
The Fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter Maister Bowser a Merchant.

Gen. Maister Bowser I your welcome sir from England,
Whats the best newes? How doth all our friends?

Bow. They are allwell and doe commend them to you,
There's letters from your brother and your sonne:
So faire you well sir, I must take my leave.
My halt and businesse doth require so.

Gen. Before you dine sir? what goe you out of towne?

Bow. I saith vnlesse I here some newes in towne,
I must away, there is no remedy.

Gen. Maister Bowser what is your busines, may I know it?
You may sir, and so shall all the Citie.

Bow. The King of late hath had his treasury rob'd,
And of the choyselt iewels that he had:
The value of them was seauen thousand pounds,
The fellow that did steale these iewels is hanged,
And did confesse that for three hundred pound,
He sould them to one *Bagot* dwelling in London:
Now *Bagot's* fled, and as we here to Antwarpe,
And hether am I come to seeke him out,
And they that first can tell me of his newes,
Shall haue a hundred pound for their reward.

Gen. How iust is God to right the innucent?

Gen. Maister Bowser you come in happy time,
Here is the villaine *Bagot* that you seeke.
And all those iewels haue I in my hands,
Officers looke to him, heold him fast.

Bag. The diuell ought mea shame, and now hath paid it.

The Life and Death

Bow. Is this that *Baget*? fellowes beare him hence,
We will not now stand for his reply;
Lade him with Yrons, wee will haue him tride;
In England where his villanies are knowne.

Bag. Mischiefe, confusion, light vpon you all,
O hang me, drowne me, let me kill my selfe,
Let goe my armes let me run quick to hell.

Bow. Away, beare him away, stop the slaues mouth.

They carry him away.

Mi. Ba. Thy workes are infinite, great God of heauen,

Gen. I hard this *Baget* was a wealthy fellow.

Bow. He was indeed, for when his goods were zealed,
Of Iewels, coyne, and Plate within his house,
Was found the value of fise thousand pound,
His furniture fully worth halfe so much,
Which being all stralnde for the King,
He franckly gaue it to the *Antwarpe* Marchants,
And they againe, out of their bounteous minde,
Hath to a brother of their company,
A man decaid by fortune of the Seas,
Giuen *Bagets* wealth, to set him vp againe;
And keepe it for him, his name is *Banister*.

Gen. Maister *Bowser*, with this happy newes,
You haue reuiued two from the gates of death,
This is that *Banister*, and this his wife.

Bow. Sir I am glad my fortune is so good,
To bring such tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You haue giuen life vnto a man decmd dead,
For by these newes, my life is newly bred.

Mi. Ba. Thanks to my God, next to my Soueraigne King,
And last to you that these good newes doe bring.

Gen. The hundred pound I must receiue as due
For finding *Baget*, I freely giue to you.

Bow. And Maister *Banister*, if so you please,
He beare you company, when you crosse the Seas.

Ban. If it please you sir, my company is but meane,
Stands with your liking, He waite on you.

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of the Lord Cromwell.

Gen. I am glad that all things doe accomde so well:
Come Maister *Bowser*, let vs in to dinner:
And Mistrisse *Banister*, be mery woman,
Come after sorrow now, lets cheere your spirit,
Knaues haue their due, and you but what you merit.

Exit omnes.

*Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their shirtes, and
without Hattes.*

Hodg. Call yee this seeing of fashions?
Marry would I had staide at *Pursey* still,
O Maister *Thomas*, we are spoiled, we are gone.
Crom. Content thee man, this is but fortune.

Hodg. Fortune, a plague of this Fortune makes me goe wet-
shod, the roagues would not leaue me a shooe to my feet, for my
hoase they scorned them with their heeles, but for my Dublet
and Hatt, O Lord they imbraced mee, and vnlaied mee, and
tooke away my cloathes, and so disgraced me.

Crom. Well *Hodge*, what remedie?
What shift shall we make now?

Hodg. Nay I know not, for begging I am naught, for stealing
worke: by my troth I must euen fall to my olde trade, to the
Hammer and the Horse heeles againe: but now the worst is, I
am not acquainted with the humor of the horses in this countrie,
whether they are not coultrish, giuen much to kicking, or no, for
vvhen I haue one legge in my hand, if he should vp and lay
tother on my chops, I were gone, there lay I, there lay *Hodge*.

Crom. *Hodge* I belecue thou must worke for vs both.

Hodg. O Maister *Thomas*, haue not I tolde you of this, haue
not I many a time and often, said *Tom*, or Maister *Thomas*, learne
to make a Horse-shoe, it will be your owne another day: this
was not regarded. Harke you *Thomas*, what doe you call the
fellowes that robd vs?

Crom. The Bandetto.

Hodg. The Bandetto doe you call them, I know not what
they are called here, but I am sure we call them plaine theeves in

C 2

Eng-

The Life and Death

England, O *Thomas* that we were now at Putney, at the ale there

Crow. Content thee man, here set vp these two billes,
And let vs keepe our standing on the bridge:
The fashion of this country is such,
If any stranger be oppressed with want,
To write the manner of his misery,
And such as are disposed to succour him,
Will doe it, what: hast thou set them vp?

Hed. I they're vp, God send some to reade them,
And not onely to reade them, but also to looke on vs:
And nor altogether to looke on vs. *One standes at one end,*
But to relecue vs, O colde, colde, colde. *and one at tother.*

*Enter Friskiball like a Marchant, and
reads the billes.*

Frif. Whats here? two Englishmen rob'd by the Bandetto,
One of them seemes to be a gentleman:
Tis pittie that his fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate hands of theeues,
He question him of what estate he is,
God saue you sir, are you an Englishman?

Crow. I am sir a distressed Englishman.

Frif. And what are you my friend.

Hed. Who I sir, by my troth I doe not know my selfe what I
am now, but sir, I was a Smith sir, a poore Farrier of Putney,
thats my Maister sir yonder, I was robbed for his sake sir.

Frif. I see you haue beene met by the Bandetto,
And therefore neede not aske how you came thus:
But *Friskiball*, why doost thou question them
Of their estate and not relecue their neede?
Sir, the coyne I haue about me is not much:
There's sixteene Duckets for to cloath your selues,
There's sixteene more to buy your diet with,
And there's sixteene to pay for your horse hie:
Tis all the wealth you see my purse possesse,
But if you please for to enquire me out,
You shall not want for ought that I can doe,
My name is *Friskiball*, a *Florence* Marchant,

A man.

of the Lord Cromwell.

A man that alwayes loued your nation.

Crom. This vnexpected fauour at your hands,
Which God dorth know, if euer I shall requite it,
Necessitie makes me to take your bounde,
And for your gold can yeeld you naught but thankses,
Your charitie hath helpt me from dispaire,
Your name shall still be in my harty prayer.

Fris. It is not worth such thanks come to my house,
Your want shall better be releu'd then thus.

Crom. I pray excuse me, this shall well suffice,
To beare my charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earle is much distressed:
An Englishman, *Russell* the Earle of *Bedford*
Is by the French King solde vnto his death,
It may fall out, that I may doe him good:
To saue his life, Ile hazard my hart blood:
Therefore kinde sir, thankses for your liberall gift,
I must be gone to aide him there's no shitt.

Fris. Ile be no hinderer to so good an act;
Heauen prosper you, in that you goe about:
If Fortune bring you this way backe againe,
Pray let me see you: so I take my leaue,
All good a man can wish, I doe bequeath.

Crom. All good that God dorth send, light on your head,
There's few such men within our climate bred.
How say you now *Hodge*, is not this good fortune?

Hod. How say you, Ile tell you what *maister Thomas*
If all men be of this Gentlemans minde,
Lets keepe our standings vpon this Bridge,
We shall get more here with begging in one day,
Then I shall with making Horschoes in a whole yeece.

Crom. No *Hodge*, we must begone vnto *Bononia*,
There to releue the noble Earle of *Bedford*:
Where if I faile not in my policie,
I shall deceiue their subtile treachery.

Hodge. Nay Ile follow you, God blesse vs from the theeuings
Banderoes againe.

Exit Cromwell.

Enter

The Life and Death

Enter Bedford and his Host.

Bed. Am I betraide, was *Bedford* borne to die,
By such base slaves in such a place as this?
Hauel escaped so many times in *France*,
So many battailes haue I ouer passed,
And made the French stirre when they hard my name;
And am I now betraide vnto my death?
Some of their harts bloud first shall pay for it.

Host. They doe desire my Lord to speake with you.

Bed. The traitors doe desire to haue my bloud,
But by my birth, my honour, and my name,
By all my hopes, my life shall cost them deare.
Open the dore, ile venter out vpon them,
And if I must die, then ile die with honour.

Host. Alas my Lord that is a desperate course,
They haue begirt you round about the house:
Their meaning is to take you prisoner,
And so to send your body vnto *France*.

Bed. First shall the Ocean beas dry as sand,
Before aliuie they send me vnto *France*:
Ile haue my body first bored like a Siue,
And die as *Hector*, gainst the *Mermidons*,
Eare *Rome* shall boast *Bedford* their prisoner,
Trecherous *France* that gainst the law of armes:
Hath here betraide thy enemy to death,
But be assured my bloud shall be reuenged,
Vpon the best liues that remaines in *France*:
Stand backe, or else thy run't vpon thy death.

Enter a Seruant.

Mef. Pardon my Lord, I come to tell your honour
That they haue hired a *Neopolitan*,
Who by his Oratorie hath promised them
Without the shedding of one drop of bloud,
Into their hands safe to deliuer you,
And therefore craues none but him selfe may enter,
And a poore swaine that attends on him.

Exit seruant.

Bed. A

of the Lord Cromwell.

Bed. A *Neapolitan*, bid him come in,
 Were he as cunning in his eloquence
 As *Cicero* the famous man of Rome,
 His words would be as chaife against the winde,
 Sweet tong'd *Pluffer* that made *Alice* mad,
 Were he and his tongue in this speakers head,
 Alieue he winnes me not, then tis no conquest dead.

*Enter Cromwell like a Neapolitan, and
 Hodge with him.*

Crom. Sir, are you the maister of the house?

Hod. I am sir.

Crom. By this same token you must leaue this place,
 And leaue none but the Earle and I together,
 And this my Pellant here to tend on vs.

Hod. With all my hart, God grant you doe some good.

Exit: Host. Cromwell sends the dore.

Bed. Now sir whats your will with me?

Crom. Intends your honour, not to yeeld your selfe?

Bed. No good-man goose, not while my sword doth last,
 Is this your eloquence for to perswade me.

Crom. My Lord my eloquence is for to saue you,
 I am not as you iudge a *Neapolitan*:

But *Cromwell* your sequant, and an Englishman.

Bed. How *Cromwell*, not my Farriers sonne?

Crom. The same sir, and am come to succour you.

Hod. Yes faith sir, and I am *Hodge* your poore Smith,
 Many a time and oft haue I shooed your Dapper Gray.

Bed. And what auailles it me that thou art here?

Crom. It may auaille if youle be rul'd by me,
 My Lord you know the men of *Manina*,

And these *Bononiens* are at deadly strife,

And they my Lord, both loue and honour you!

Could you but get out of the *Manina* port,

Then were you safe dispiight of all their force.

Bed. Tut man thou talkest of things impossible,

Dost thou not see that we are round beset?

How then is it possible, we should escape?

Crom. By

The Life and Death

Crom. By force we cannot, but by pollicie,
Put on the apparell here that *Hodge* doth weare,
And giue him yours; the States they know you not,
For as I thinke they neuer saw your face;
And at a watch-word must I call them in,
And will desire, that we two safe may passe
To *Mantua*, where I'll say my businesse lies,
How doth your Honour like of this deuise?

Bed. O wondrous good: But wilt thou venter *Hodge*?

Hod. Will I O noble Lord, I doe accord: in any thing I can,
And doe agree, to let thee free, doe fortune what she can.

Bed. Come then to change our apparell straight,

Crom. Goe *Hodge* make hast, lest they chance to call.

Bed. I warrant you'll be rich with a fate. *Exit Earle & Hodge.*

Crom. Heauens grant this pollicie doth take successe,
And that the Earle may safely scape away.

And yet it grieues me for this simple wretch,
For feare they should offer him violence.

But of two evils, the best is to thinke the greatest,

And better is it that he liue in thrall,

Then such a Noble Earle as he should fall.

Their stubborne harts, it may be will relent:

Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent,

My Lord haue you dispatched?

*Enter Bedford like the Clowne, and Hodge in his
cloake and his Hat,*

Bed. How doost thou like vs *Cromwell*, is it well?

Crom. O my Lord excellent: *Hodge* how doost feele thy selfe?

Hod. How do I feele my selfe? why as a Noble man should do,

O how I feele honor come creeping on,

My Nobilitie is wonderfull melancholy.

Is it not most Gentleman like to be melancholy?

Crom. Yes *Hodge*, now goe sit downe in the study.

And take state vpon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you my Lord, let me alone to take state vpon
me:

of the Lord Cromwell.

me: but hearken my Lord, doe you feele nothing bite about you?

Bed. Notrust me *Hodge.*

Hod. I, they know they want their old pasture; tis a strange thing of this vermine, they dare not meddle with Nobilitie.

Crom. Goe take thy place *Hodge*, I will call them in,
All is done, enter *Hodge sits in the study, and*
and if you please. *Cromwell calles in the States.*

Enter the States and Officers, with Haltherts.

Gen. What haue you wooed him? will he yeelde himselfe?

Crom. I haue an't please you, and the quiet Earle,
Doth yeeld himselfe to be disposed by you.

Gen. Giue him the mony that we promised him:
So let him goe, whether it please himselfe.

Crom. My businesse sir heauens *Manna*,
Please you to giue me safe conduct thither.

Gen. Goe and conduct him to the *Manna* port,
And see him safe deliuered presently. *Exit Cromwell*
Goe draw the curtaines, let vs see the Earle. *and Bedford.*
O he is writing, stand apart a while.

Hod. Fellow *William*, I am not as I haue beene, I went from
you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord: I am at this present writing, a-
mong the *Palmyran Casques*. I do commend my Lordship to *Rapha*
& to *Roger*, so *Bridget* & to *Deride*, & so to al the youth of *Putney*.

Gen. Sure these are the names of English Noblemen.
Some of his speciall friends, to whom he writes:
But stay he doth adresse himselfe to sing. *Here he sings a song.*
My Lord I am glad you are so frolick and so blithe,
Beleue me noble Lord if you knew all,
Youde change your merry vaine to sudden sorrow.

Hod. I change my merry vaine, no thou *Bononian*, no,
I am a Lord and therefore let me goe,
And doe deserue thee and thy Saligia,
Therefore stand off, and come not neere my honor.

Gen. My Lord this iesting cannot serue your turne.

Hod. Dooſt thinke thou blacke *Bononian* beast,
That I doe floute, doe gibe, or iest,
No, no, thou Beare-pot, know that I, a noble Earle, a Lord pardy.

D

Gen.

The Life and Death

Gen. What meanes this Trumpets sound?
A Trumpet sounds, Enter a Messenger.

Cr. One come from the States of *Mantua*.

Gen. What, would you with vs speake, thou man of *Mantua*?

Mes. Men of *Bononia*: this my mellage is,
To let you know the Noble Earle of *Bedford*:
Is safe within the towne of *Mantua*,

And willes you send the peasant that you haue,
Who hath deceiued your expectation,
Or els the States of *Mantua* haue vowed:

They will recall the truce that they haue made,
And not a man shall stirre from forth your towne,
That shall returne vnlesse you send him backe.

Gen. O this misfortune how it made my hart:
The *Neapolitan* hath beguiled vs all;

Hence with this foole: what shall we doe with him,
The Earle being gone? a plague vpon it all.

Hed. No Ile assure you I am no Earle, but a smith Sir,
One *Hodge*, a smith at Putney sir:
One that hath galled you, that hath bored you sir.

Gen. Away with him, take hence the foole you came for.

Hed. I sir; and Ile leaue the greater foole with you.

Mes. Farewell *Bononians*, come friend a long with me.

Hed. My friend afore, my Lordship will follow thee. *Exit.*

Gen. Well *Mantua*, since by thee the Earle is lost,
Within few dayes I hope to see thee crost. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus farre you see how *Cromwells* fortune passed.
The Earle of *Bedford* being safe in *Mantua*:

Desires *Cromwells* company into France,

To make requitall for his courtesie:

But *Cromwell* doth denie the Earle his sure,

And telles him that those parts he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the land,

And so directly takes his way to Spaine:

The Earle to France, and so they both doe part,

Now let your thoughts as swift as is the winde,

skip

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of the Lord Cromwell.

Skip some few yeeres, that *Cromwell* spent in travell,
And now imagine him to be in England:
Seruant vnto the Maister of the Roules,
Where in short time he there beganne to flourish,
An houre shall show you what few yeeres did cherish. *Exit.*

The Musick plays they bring out the banquet, Enter Sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell, and two seruants.

Hales. Come sirs, be carefull of your Maisters credit,
And as our bountie now exceeds the figure
Of common entertainment: so doe you
With lookes as free as is your Maisters soule,
Giue formall welcome to the thronged tables,
That shall receiue the Cardinals followers,
And the attendants of the great Lord Chancellor.
But all my care *Cromwell* depends on thee,
Thou art a man, differing from vulgar forme,
And by how much thy spirit is rancet boue these,
In rules of Arte, by so much it shines brighter by travell,
Whose obseruance pleades his merit
In a most learned, yet vnaffected spirit,
Good *Cromwell* cast an eye of faire regarde,
Bour all my house, and what this ruder flesh,
Through ignorance, or wine, doe miscreate,
Salue thou with curtesie: if welcome want,
Full bowles, and ample banquets will seeme scant.

Crom. Sir, whatsoeuer lies in me,
Assure you I will shew my vtmost duty. *Exit Crom.*

Hales. About it then, the Lords will straight be here:
Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather lute,
The seruice of the state, then of my house,
I looke vpon thee with a louing eye,
That one day will prefer thy destiny.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir the Lords be at hand,

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* straight attend vs,
And looke you all things be in perfect readinesse.

The Life and Death

*The Musicke plays. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, Sir.
Thomas Moore and Gardiner.*

Wol. O sir *Christopher* you are too liberall, what a banquet to!

Hal. My Lords if words could show the ample welcome,
That my free hart affords you, I could then become a prater:
But I now must deale like a feast *Poleitian*,

With your Lordships, deferre your welcome till the banquet end,
That it may then salue our defect of faire:

Yet Welcome now and all that tend on you,

Wol. Thanks to the kinde Maister of the Roules,
Come and sit downe, sit downe sir *Thomas Moore*:

Tis strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ,

Their dinner, is our banquet after dinner,

And they are men of actiue disposition,

This I gather, that by their sparing meate:

Their body more fitter for the warres,

And if that famine chance to pinch their mawes,

Being vside to fast it breeds lesse paine.

Hal. Fill me some Wine: He answers Cardinall *Wolsey*:

My Lord we Englishmen are of more freer soules,

Then hungerstar'd, and ill complexioned Spaniards,

They that are rich in Spaine, spare belly foode,

To decke their backs with an Italian hooode,

And Silkes of Ciuill: And the poorest Snake,

That feedes on Lemmons, Pilchers, and neare heated

His paller with sweete flesh, will beare a case,

More fast and gallant then his starued face,

Pride, the Inquisition, and this belly- euill,

Are in my iudgement Spaines three headed diuell.

Mo. Indeece it is a plague vnto their nation,

Who stagger after in blinde imitation.

Hal. My Lords with welcome, I present your Lordships
A solemne health.

Mo. I loue health well, but when as healths doe bring
Paine to the head, and bodies surfetting:

Then cease I healths; nay spill not friend,

For

of the Lord Cromwell.

For though the drops be small,
Yet haue they force, to force men to the wall.

Wol. Sir *Christopher*, is that your man?

Hal. And like your grace he is a Scholler, and a *Linguest*,
One that hath trauelled many parts of Christendome my Lord.

Wol. My friend come nearer, haue you beene a trauellder?

Cro. My Lord I haue added to my knowledge, the low countries,
France, Spaine, Germanie, and Italie:

And though small gaine of profit I did finde,
Yet did it please my eye, content my minde.

Wol. What doe you thinke of the seuerall states.

And Princes Courts as you haue trauelled?

Crom. My Lord no Court with England may compare,
Neither for state nor ciuill gouernment:

Lust dwelles in *France*, in *Italie*, and *Spaine*,
From the poore peasant to the Princes traine,
In *Germanie*, and *Holland* riot senses,

And he that most can drinke, most he deserues:
England I praise not: for I here was borne,
But that she laugheth the others vnto scorne.

Wol. My Lord there dwelles within that spirit,

More then can be discern'd by outward eye,

Sir *Christopher* will you part with your man?

Hal. I haue fought to proffer him to your Lordship,
And now I see he hath preferred himselfe.

Wol. What is thy name?

Crom. *Cromwell* my Lord.

Wol. Then *Cromwell* here we make thee soliciter of our causes,
And nearest next our selfe:

Gardiner giue you kinde welcome to the man.

Gardiner embraces him.

Mo. My Lord you are a royall Winer.

Hath got a man besides your bountious dinner,

Well Knight, pray we come no more:

If we come often, thou maist shut thy doore.

Wol. Sir *Christopher* hadst thou giuen me,

Half thy lands, thou couldest not haue pleased me

The Life and Death

So much as with this man of thine;
My infant thoughts doe spell:
Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher,
True indultry doth kindle honours fire,
And so kinde Maister of the Roules farewell.

Hal. Cromwell farewell.

Crom. *Cromwell* takes his leaue of you
That neare will leaue to loue and honour you.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now *Cromwells* highest fortunes doth begin, *The Ma-*
Wolfey that lou'd him as he did his life: *sicke playes,*
Committed all his treasure to his hands, *as they goe*
Wolfey is dead, and *Gardiner* his man, *in.*
Is now created Bishop of *Winchester*:
Pardon if we omit all *Wolfeyes* life,
Because our play depends on *Cromwells* death,
Now sit and see his highest state of all,
His height of ryling: and his sodaine fall,
Pardon the errors in all ready pall,
And liue in hope the best doth come at last:
My hope vpon your fauour doth depend,
And looke to haue your liking ere the end.

Exit.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, the Dukes
of Norfolk, and of Suffolke, Sir Thomas
Moore, Sir Christopher Halles,
and Cromwell.

Nor. Maister *Cromwell*, since Cardinall *Wolfeyes* death,
His Maiestie is giuen to vnderstand,
There's certaine billes and writings in your hand,
That much concerne the state of England:
My Lord of *Winchester* is it not so?

Gar. My Lord of *Norfolke*, we two were whilome fellows,
And Maister *Cromwell*, though our Maisters loue:

Did

of the Lord Cromwell.

Did binde vs, while his loue was to the King,
It is no boote now to deny those things
Which may be preiudiciall to the state:
And though that God hath raised my fortune hyer,
Then any way I lookt for, or deseru'de.
Yet my life no longer with me dwell,
Then I prouue true vnto my Soueraigne:
What say you maister *Cromwell*? haue you those writings, I, or no?

Crom. Here are the writings, and vpon my knees,
I giue them vp, vnto the worthy Dukes,
Of Suffolke, and of Norfolke: he was my Maister,
And each vertuous part
That liued in him, I tendered with my hart,
But what his head complotted gainst the state.
My countries loue commands me that to hate:
His sudden death I greeue for, not his fall,
Because he sought to worke my countrie's thrall.

Suff. *Cromwell*, the King shall here of this thy dutie,
Whom I assure my selfe will well reward thee:
My Lord, lets goe vnto his Maiestie,
And show these writings which he longs to see.

Exe Norfolke and Suffolke.

Enter Bedford basily.

Bed. How now, whose this *Cromwell*?
By my soule, welcome to England:
Thou once didst saue my life, didst not *Cromwell*?

Cro If I did so, 'tis greater glory for me that you remember it,
Then for my selfe vainely to report it.

Bed. Well *Cromwell*, now is the time,
I'll commend thee to my Soueraigne:
Cheere vp thy selfe, for I will raise thy state,
A *Russell* yet was neuer found ingrate.

Hales. O how vncertaine is the wheele of state,
Who lately greater then the Cardinall,
For feare, and loue: and now who lower lies?

Exe.

Gaye

The Life and Death

Gay honours are but Fortunes flatteries,
And whom this day, pride and promotion swels,
To morrow, enuie and ambition quells.

Moore. Who sees the Cob-web intangle the poore Flie,
May boldly say the wretches death is nigh.

Gard. I know his state and proud ambition,
Was too too violent to last ouer-long.

Hales. Who soares too neare the funne with golden winges,
Meales them, to ruine his owne fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolke.

Suf. *Cromwell* kneele downe in king *Henries* name,
Arise sir *Thomas Cromwell*, thus beginnes thy fame.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke.

Norf. *Cromwell* the Maicstie of England,
For the good liking he conceiues of thee:
Makes thee Maister of the iewell house,
Chiefe Secretary to himselfe, and with all,
Creates thee one of his highnesse priue Counsell.

Enter the Earle of Bedford.

Bed. Where is sir *Thomas*, *Cromwell* is he knighted,

Suf. He is my Lord.

Bed. Then to adde honour to his name,
The King creates him Lord keeper of his priue Seale:
And Maister of the Roules,
Which you sir *Christopher* doe now enioy:
The King determines higher place for you.

Crom. My Lords these honors are too high for my desert,

Moore. O content thee man, who would not chooſe it?
Yet thou art wise in seeming to refuse it.

Gard. Here's honors, titles and promotions,
I feare this climbing, will haue a sudden fall.

Norf.

of the Lord Cromwell.

Nor. Then come my Lords, lets altogether bring,
This new made Counsellor to Englands King.

Exit all but Gardiner.

Gard. But *Gardiner* means his glory shall be dim'd:
Shall *Cromwell* live a greater man then I?
My enuie with his honour now is bred,
I hope to shorten *Cromwell* by the head. *Exit.*

Enter Friskiball very poore.

Fris. O *Friskiball*, what shall become of thee?
Where shalt thou goe, or which way shalt thou turne?
Fortune that turnes her too vnconstant wheele,
Hath turn'd thy wealth and riches in the Sea,
All parts abroad where euer I haue beene,
Growes weary of me, and denies me succour,
My debtors they, that should relieve my want,
Forswear my money, saies they owe me none:
They know my state too meane, to beare out law,
And here in London where I of late beene,
And haue done good to many wretched man,
Am now most wretched here, dispild my selfe;
In vaine it is, more of their hearts to try,
Be patient therefore, laye thee downe and die.

He lies downe.

*Enter good man Seely, and his
wife Ioane.*

Seely. Come *Ioane*, come, lets see what heele doe for vs now?
I wis wee haue done for him, when many a time and often hee
might haue gone a hungry to bed.

Wife. Alas man, now he is made a Lord, heele neuer looke vpon
vs, heele fulfill the old Proverbe: set Beggars a horse-backe, &
theile ride: a wells day for my cow, such as he hath made vs come
behinde hand, we had neuer pawn'd our Cowe els to pay our rent.

E

Seely.

The Life and Death

Seely. Well *Joane*, heele come this way : and by Gods dickers ile tell him roundly of it, and if hee were tenne LORDS : a shall know that I had not my Cheefe and my Bacon for nothing.

Wife. Doe you remember husband how hee would mouch vp my Cheefe cakes, hee hath forgot this now, but now weele remember him.

Seely. I we shall haue now three flappes with a Foxe taile : but I faith ile gibber a ioynt, but ile tell him his owne : stay who comes here ? O stand vp here he comes, stand vp,

Enter Hodge very fine with a Tipstaffe, Cromwell, the Mace carryed before him : Norfolkke, and Suffolke, and attendants.

'Hod. Come, away with these beggars here, rise vp sirra, Come out good people : runne afore there ho.

Friskiball riseth, and stands asarre off.

Seely. I vvee are kicked away now, vvee come for our owne, the time hath beene hee vvould a looked more friendly vpon vs : And you *Hodge*, we know you well inough though you are so fine.

Crom. Come hether sirrah : stay, what men are these ? My honest Host of Hounslow, and his wife : I owe thee mony father, doe I not ?

Seely. I by the body of mee dooest thou, vvould thou wouldest pay mee, good foure pound it is, I haue a the poste at home.

Crom. I know tis true, sirrah giue him ten Angels, And looke your wife, and you doe stay to dinner : And while you liue I freely giue to you, Foure pound a yeere, for the foure pound I ought you.

Seely. Art not changed, art ould *Tom* still ? Now God bleise the good Lord *Toms* : Home *Joane*, home, ile dine with my Lord *Tom* to day,

And

of the Lord Cromwell.

And thou shalt come next weeke,
Fetch my Cow, home *Joane*, home.

Wife. Now God bleſſe thee, my good Lord *Tom*,
He fetch my Cow preſently.

Exit Wife.

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirra, goe to yon ſtranger, tell him I deſire him
Stay to dinner: I muſt ſpeake with him;

Gard. My Lord of *Norſolke* ſee you this ſame bubble?
That ſame puffe, but marke the end, my Lord, marke the end.

Norſ. I promiſe you, I like not ſomething he hath done,
But let that paſſe, the King doth loue him well.

Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of *Wincheſter*.
I know you beare me hard, about the Abby lands.

Gard. Haue I not reaſon, when religion is wronged?
You had no colour for what you haue done.

Crom. Yes the abolishing of Antichriſt,
And of his Popiſh order from our Realme:
I am no enemy to religion,
But what is done, it is for Englands good,
What did they ſerue for but to feede a ſort:
Of lazie Abbots, and of full fed Fryers,
They neither plow, nor ſowe, and yet they reape
The ſar of all the Land, and ſucke the poore:
Looke what was theirs, is in King *Henries* hands,
His wealth before lay in the Abby lands.

Gard. Indeede theſe things you haue alcdg'd my Lord,
When God doth know the infant yet vnborne;
Will curſe the time, the Abbies were puld downe,
I pray now where is hoſpitality?
Where now may poore diſtreſſed people goe
For to relecue their neede, or reſt their bones,
When weary trauell doth oppreſſe their limmes?
And where religious men ſhould take them in.

E 2

Shall

The Life and Death

Shall now be kept backe with a Mastiue dogge,
And thousand thousand.

Nor. O my Lord no more : things past redresse
Tis bootlesse to complaine.

Crom. What shall we to the Conuocation house.

Nor. Weele follow you my Lord pray leade the way.

Enter Old Cromwell like a Farmer.

Old Cro. How, one *Cromwell* made Lord keeper since I left
And dwelt in Yorkshire ? I neuer hard better newes : (*Putney*
Hee see that *Cromwell*, or it shall goe hard,

Crom. My aged father : stande set aside,
Father on my knee I craue your blessing :
One of my seruants goe and haue him in,
At better leasure will we talke with him.

Old Crom. Now if I die, how happy were the day,
To see this comfort raine forth showers of ioy.

Exit Old Cromwell.

Nor. - This dutie in him shewes a kinde of grace.

Crom. Goe on before for time drawes on apace.

Exit all but Friskiball.

Frif. I wonder what this Lord would haue with me,
His man so strictly gaue me charge to stay :
I neuer did offend him to my knowledge,
Well, good or bad, I meane to bide it all,
Worse then I am, now neuer can befall.

Enter Banister and his wife.

Ba. Come wife I take it be almost dinner time,
For Maister *Norton*, and Maister *Crosbie* sent to me :
Last night, they would come dine with me,
And take their bond in : I pray thee hie thee home,
And see that all things be in readinesse.

Mi. Ba. They shalbe welcome, husband I'll goe before,
But is not that man Maister *Friskiball* ?

She runs and embraces him.

Ba. O

of the Lord Cromwell.

Ba. O heavens it is kinde Maister *Friskball*.
Say sir, what hap hath brought you to this paffe?

Frif. The same that brought you to your misery.

Ba. Why would you not acquaint me with your state?
Is *Banister* your poore friend forgot?

Whose goods, whose loue, whose life and all is yours.

Frif. I thought your visage would be as the rest,
That had more kindnesse at my hands then you,
Yet looked a lincance, when as they saw me poore.

Mi. Ba. If *Banister* should beare so base a hart,
I neuer would looke my husband in the face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ba. And well thou mightest, should *Banister* deale so,
Sincethat I saw you sir, my state is mended:

And for the thousand pound I owe to you,
I haue it ready for you sir at home,
And though I greeue your fortune is so bad:
Yet that my hap's to help you, makes me glad,
And now sir will it please you walke with me.

Frif. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancelour,
Hath here commaunded me to waight on him,
For what I know not pray God it be for good.

Ba. Neuer make doubt of that, ile warrant you,
He is as kinde a noble gentleman:
As euer did possesse the place he hath.

Mi. Ba. Sir my brother is his steward, if you please,
Weale goe along and beare you company:
I know we shall not want for welcome there?

Frif. Withall my hart: but whats become of *Bago*.

Ba. He is hanged, for buying iewels of the Kings.

Frif. A iust reward for one so impious,
The time drawes on, sir will you goe along.

Ba. Ile follow you kinde Maister *Friskball*.

Exit Omnes.

The Life and Death

Enter two Merchants.

1 Now Maister *Croftie*, I see you have a care
To keepe your word, in paiement of your mony.

2 By my faith I have reason vpon a bond,
Three thousand pound is too much to forget,
Yet I doubt not Maister *Banister*.

1 By my faith your summe is more then mine,
And yet I am not much behinde you too,
Considering that to day I paid at Court,

2 Maile and well remembered:
Whats the reason the Lord *Cromwell* men,
Weare such long skirts vpon their coates?
They reach downe to their very ham.

1 I will resolue you sir, and thus it is;
The Bishop of *Worcester*, that loues not *Cromwell*,
As great men are enuied, as well as lesse,
A while agoe there was a iarre betweene them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwell* care,
That Bishop *Gardiner* would sit on his skins,
Vpon which word, he made his men long Blew coates,
And in the Court wore one of them him selfe:
And meeting with the Bishop, quoth he, my Lord
Here's skint enough now for your Grace to sit on,
Which vexed the Bishop to the very hart,
This is the reason why they weare long coates.

2 'Tis alwaies scene, and marke it for a rule,
That one great man will enuie still another:
But tis a thing that nothing concernes me:
What, shall we now to Maister *Banister*?

1 I come, wee'l pay him royally for our dinner. *Exit.*

*Enter the Vicer and the Shewer, the mutes goes
ouer the Stage.*

Vicer. Vncover there Gentlemen.

Enter

of the Lord Cromwell.

*Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolke, Old Cromwell,
Friskiball, good-man Seely, and
attendants.*

Crom. My noble Lords of *Suffolke* and of *Bedford*,
Your honors welcome to poore *Cromwells* house:
Where is my father? nay be couered Father,
Although that duty to these noble men doth challenge is
Yet Ile make bolde with them.

Your head doth beare the calender of care:
What *Cromwell* couered, and his Father bare?

It must not be. Now sir to you,
Is not your name *Friskiball*, and a *Florentine*?

Fris. My name was *Friskiball*, till cruell fate?
Did rob me of my name and of state.

Crom. What fortune brought you to this countrie now?

Fris. All other parts hath left me succourlesse,
Sauely onely this, because of debts I haue
I hope to gaine for to releue my want.

Crom. Did you not once vpon your *Florines* bridge,
Helpe a distressed men, robd by the *Bandetto*,
His name was *Cromwell*?

Fris. I neuer made my braine a calender of any good I did,
I alwaies lou'd this nation with my heart.

Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there releu'd,
Sixteene Duckets you gaue me for to cloath me,
Sixteene to beare my charges by the way,
And sixteene more I had for my horse hie,
There be those seuerall summes lustily return'd,
Yet is iniustice were that scruling at my need,
For to repay them without interest,
Therefore receiue of me these foure seuerall bags,
In each of them there is foure hundred markes,
And bring to me the names of all your debtors,
And if they will not see you paie, I will:

O God

The Life and Death

O God forbid, that I should see him fall,
That helpt me in my greatest need of all:
Here stands my Father that first gaue me life,
Alas what durie is too much for him?
This man in time of need did saue my life,
And therefore cannot doe too much for him.
By this old man I often times was fed,
Els might I haue gone supperlesse to bed.
Such kindnesse haue I had of these three men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repay againe:
Now in to dinner, for we stay too long,
And to good stomackes is no greater wrong

Exit owners.

Enter Gardiner in his study, and his men.

Gard. Sirra, where be those men I caus'd to stay?

Ser. They doe attend your pleasure Sir within,

Gard. Bid them come hether, and stay you without,
For by those men the Foxe of this same land,
That makes a Goose of better then himselfe,
Must woried be vnto his latest home,
Or *Gardiner* will faile in his intent.

As for the Dukes of *Suffolke* and of *Norfolke*,
Whom I haue sent for to come speake with me,
Howsoeuer outwardly they shadow it,
Yet in their harts I know they loue him not,
As for the Earle of *Bedford* hee is but one,
And dares not gaine-say what we doe set downe.

Enter the two Winessees.

Now my friends, you know I sau'd your liues,
When by the law you had deserued death,
And then you promised me vpon your othes,
To venture both your liues to doe me good.

Both wit. We swore no more then that we will performe.

Gard. I take your words, and that which you must doe,

of the Lord Cromwell.

Is service for your God, and for your King,
To roote a rebell from this flourishing land,
One that is an enemy vnto the Church:
And therefore must you take your solemn oathes,
That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chauncellor,
Did with a dagger at King *Henries* hart:
Feare not to sweare it, for I hard him speake it,
Therefore weele shield you from insuing harmes,

2 Wit. If you will warrant vs the deed is good,
Weele vndertake it.

Gar. Kneele downe, and I will here absolue you both,
This Crucifixe I lay vpon your heads,
And sprinkle holy-water on your browes,
The deed is meritorious that you doe,
And by it shall you purchase grace from heauen.

1 Now sir weele vndertake it by our soules.

2 For *Cromwell* neuer loved none of our sort.

Gar. I know he doth not, and for both of you,
I will preferre you to some place of worth;
Now get you in, vntill I call for you,
For presently the Dukes meane to be here. *Exit wit.*
Cromwell sit fast, thy time's not long to raigne,
The Abbies that were puld downe by thy meanes,
Is now a meane for me to pull thee downe:
Thy pride also thy owne head lights vpon,
For thou art he hath chang'd religion:
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolke, Norfolke, and the Earle of Bedford.

Suff. Good euen to my Lord Bishop.

Nor. How fares my Lord? what are you all alone?

Gar. No not alone my Lords, my minde is troubled:
I know your honours muse wherefore I sent
And in such hast: What came you from the King?

Nor. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with him.

F

Gar.

The Life and Death

Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in?
There's *Thomas Walsay*, hee's already gone,
And *Thomas Moore*, he followed after him:
Another *Thomas* yet there doth remaine,
That is farre worse then either of those twaine,
And if with speed my Lords we not pursue it,
I feare the King and all the land will rue it.

Bed. Another *Thomas*? pray God it be not *Cromwell*.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that traitor *Cromwell*.

Bed. Is *Cromwell* false? my hart will neuer thinke it.

Suff. My Lord of *Worcester*, what likelihood,
Or prooffe haue you of this his treachery.

Gard. My Lord too much, call in the men within, *Enter*
These men my Lord vpon their othes affirme, *witnesses.*
That they did here Lord *Cromwell* in his garden,
Wished a dagger sticking at the hart,
Of our King *Henrie*, what is this but treason?

Bed. If it be so, my hart doth bleed with sorrow.

Suff. How say you friends, what did you here these words?

1. *Wit.* We did and 't like your grace.

Nor. In what place was Lord *Cromwell* when he spake them?

2. *Wit.* In his Garden, where we did attend a suite,
Which we had waited for two yeere and more.

Suff. How long ist since you heard him spake these words?

2. *Wit.* Some halfe yeere since.

Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time?

1. *Wit.* His greatnesse made vs feare, that was the cause,

Gard. I, I, his greatnesse thats the cause indeed,
And to make his treason here more manifestly,
He calles his seruants to him round about,
Tels them of *W. Iseyes* life, and of his fall,
Saies that himselfe hath many enemies,
And giues to some of them a Parke or Manor,
To others Leases, Lands to other some:
What need he doe thus in his prime of life,
And if he were not fearefull of his death?

Suff.

of the Lord Cromwell.

Suff. My Lord these likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me Lords, for I must needs depart,
Their proofes are great, but greater is my heart.

Exit Bedford.

Nor. My friends take heed of that which you haue said,
Your soules must answere what your tongues reports :
Therefore take heed, be wary what you doe.

a Wn. My Lord we speake no more but truth.

Nor. Let them depart my Lord of *Winchester*,
Let these men be close kepte
Vntill the day of triall.

Gar. They shall my Lord : hoe take in these two men.

Exit witnesses.

My Lords, if *Cromwell* haue a publike triall,
That which we doe, is voide, by his deniall :
You know the King will credit none but him.

Nor. Tis true, he rules the King euen as he pleases.

Suff. How shall we doe for to attache him then?

Gar. Marry my Lords thus, by an Act he made himselfe,
With an intent to intrap some of our liues,
And this it is : If any Councillor
Be convicted of high treason,
He shall be executed without a publike triall.
This Act my Lords he caused the King to make.

Suff. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall vpon himselfe.

Nor. Let vs not slack it, tis for Englands good,
We must be wary, els heele goe beyond vs.

Gar. Well hath your Grace said my Lord of *Norfolke*
Therefore let vs presently to *Launce*,
Thether comes *Cromwell* from the Court to night,
Let vs arrest him, send him to the Tower.
And in the morning, cut off the traitors head.

Nor. Come then about it, let vs guard the towne,
This is the day that *Cromwell* must goe downe.

Gar. Along my Lords, well *Cromwell* is halfe dead,

F a

He

The Life and Death

He shak'd my hart but I will shew his head, to be a *Heaven*.

Enter Bedford alone.

Bed. My soule is like a water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the man that makes it so,
O *Cromwell*, I doe feare thy end is neare,
Yet Ile preuent their malice if I can,
And in good time, see where the man doth come,
Who little knows how neares his day of dome.

*Enter Cromwell with his traine, Bedford makes as though
he would speake to him: he goes on.*

Crom. Your well encountered my good Lord of *Bedford*,
I see your honour is adrested to talke,
Pray pardon me, I am sent for to th King,
And doe not know the businesse yet my selfe,
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.

Exit all the traine.

Bed. You must, well, what remedy?
I feare too soone you must be gone indeed,
The King hath businesse, but little doest thou know,
Whose busie for thy life: thou think'st not so.

Enter Cromwell and the traine againe.

Crom. The second time well met my Lord of *Bedford*,
I am very sorry that my hast is such,
Lord *Margaret Doves* being sick to death,
I must receave of him the privie seale
As *Lambeth*, soone my Lord weele talke our fill,

Exit the traine.

Bed. How smooth and easie is the way to death.

Enter a servant.

Mes. My Lord, the Duke of *Northfolke* and of *Suffolke*,

Accord

of the Lord Cromwell

Accompanied with the Bishop of Winchester
Intreats you to come presently to Lambeth,
On earnest matters that concern the state.

Bed. To Lambeth, so; goe fetch me pen and ink.
I and Lord Cromwell there shall talke enough,
I and our last, I feare, and if he come,

Here take this letter, and shew it to Lord Cromwell.
Bid him read it, say it concernes him neare,
Away be gone, make all the hast you can.

To Lambeth doe I goe a woefull man.

Enter Cromwell and his traine.

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will straight to Lambeth,
And if this one dayes businesse once were past,
I'd take my ease to morrow after trouble,
How now my friend wouldst thou speake with me?

Mrs. Sir heres a letter from my Lord of Bedford.

Crom. O good my friend commend me to thy Lord,
Hould take those Angels, drinke to them for thy paines.

Mrs. He doth desire your graces to read it,
Because he sayes it doth concerne you neare.

Crom. Bid him assure himselfe of that, farewell.
To morrow tell him shall he heare from me,
Set on before there, and away to Lambeth.

*Enter Winchester, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, Sergeant
at armes, the Harould, and halberts.*

Gou. Halberts stand close unto the water side,
Sergeant at armes be bould in your office,
Harould deliver your proclamation.

Ha. This is to give notice to all the Kings subjects

The Life and Death

The late Lord *Cromwell* Lord Chancellor of England,
Vicar generall ouer the realme,
Him to hould and esteeme as a traytor,
Against the Crowne and dignitie of England:
So God saue the King.

Gar. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and roote thee from the land,
For whilst thou liuest truth cannot stand,

Nor. Make a lane there, the traitor is at hand,
Keepe backe *Cromwells* men:
Drowne them if they come on, Sergiant your office.

Enter Cromwell, they make a lane with their Halberts.

Crom. What meannes my Lord of *Norfolke* by these words?
Sirs come along.

Gar. Kill them if they come on,

Ser. Lord *Cromwell*, in King *Henries* name,
I doe arrest your honour of high treason.

Crom. Sergiant, me of treason?

Cromwells men offer to draw.

Ser. Kill them if they draw a sword.

Crom. Hould, I charge you, as you loue me draw not a sword,
Who dares accuse *Cromwell* of treason now?

Gar. This is no place to reckon vp your crime,
Your Doue-like lookes were view'd with serpents eyes.

Crom. With serpents eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But *Gardiner* doe thy woorst, I feare thee not,
My faith compared with thine as much shall passe,
As doeth the Diamond excell the glasse:
Attached of treason, no accusers by,
Indeede what tongue dares speake so foule a lie?

Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well knowne,
And it is time the King had note thereof.

Crom. The King, let me goe to him face to face,
No better triall I desire then that,

Let

of the Lord Cromwell.

Let him but say that *Cromwells* faith was fained,
Then let my honour, and my name be stained:
If euer my hart against my King was set,
O let my soule in Iudgement answere it,
Then if my faith's confirmed with his reason,
Gainst whom hath *Cromwell* then committed treason?

Saf. My Lord your matter shall be tried,
Meane time, with patience content your selfe.

Crom. Perforce I must with patience be content:
O deare friend *Bedford* dost thou stand so nease?
Cromwell reioyceth one friend sheds a teare,
And whether ist? which way must *Cromwell* now?

Gar. My Lord you must vnto the tower,
Lieutenant, take him to your charge

Crom. Well where you please, yet before I part,
Let me conferre a little with my men.

Gar. As you goe by water so you shall.

Crom. I have some businesse present to impart.

Nor. You may not stay, Lieutenant, take your charge.

Crom. Well, well my Lord, you second *Gardiners* text.

Norfolke farewell, thy turne wilbe the next.

Exit Cromwell, and the Lieutenant.

Gar. His guiltie conscience makes him raine my Lord.

Nor. I let him talke his time is short enough.

Gar. My Lord of *Bedford*, come you weeps for him,
That would not shed halfe a teare for you.

Bed. It grieues me for to see his sudden fall.

Gar. Such successe with I vnto traitours all.

Exeunt.

Enter two Citizens.

1 Why? can this newes be true? ist possible?
The great Lord *Cromwell* arrested vpon treason,
I hardly will beleuee it can be so.

2 It is too true sir, would it were otherwise,
Condition I spent halfe the wealth I have,

The Life and Death

I was at Lambeth, till him there wrestled,
And afterward committed to the Tower.

1 What wait for treason till he was committed?

2 Kinde noble Gentleman, I may rue the time,
All that I have, I did lose by him,
And if he were then all my state is gone.

1 It may be hoped that he shall not die,
Because the King did fauour him so much.

2 O sir, you are deceiued in thinking so,
The grace and fauour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him haue so many enemies:
He that in court secures will keepe himselfe,
Must not be great, for then he is enuied as
The Shrub is safe, when as the Cedar shakes,
For where the King doth loue, about compare,
Of others they as much more enuied are.

1 'Tis pittie that this noble man should fall,
He did so many charitable deeds.

2 True, and yeryou see in each estate,
There's none so good, but some one doth him hate,
And they before would smile him in the face,
Will be the foremost to doe him disgrace:
What will you goe along vnto the Court?

1 I care not if I do: and heare the newes,
How men will iudge what shall become of him.

2 Some will speake hardly some will speake in pittie,
Goe you to the Court, he goe into the Cite,
There I am sure to heare more newes then you.

1 Why then soone will we meet againe. Exit.

Enter Cromwell in the Tower.

Crom. Now *Cromwell* haue thou time to meditate,
And thinke vpon thy state, and of the times:
Thy honours came vnto thee, I, and vnto thee,
Thy fall as sudden, and vnto thee, What

of the Lord Cromwell.

What glory was in England that I had not?
 Who in this land commanded more then *Cromwell*?
 Except the King who greater then my selfe?
 But now I see what after ages shall,
 The greater man, more sudden is their fall,
 And now I doe remember the Earle of *Bedford*
 Was very desirous for to speake to me,
 And afterward sent vnto me a letter,
 The which I thinke I haue still in my pocket,
 Now may I read it, for I now haue leisure,
 And this I take it is, *He writes the Letter.*

*My Lord come not this night to Lambeth,
 For if you doe, your state is overthrowne,
 And much I doubt your life, and if you come,
 Then if you lose your selfe, say where you are.*

O God had I but read this letter,
 Then had I bene free from the Lions paw,
 Deferring this, to read vntill to morrow,
 I spurned at ioy, and did embrace my sorrow,

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower and officers.

Now Maister *Lieutenant*, when's this day of death?
Lieut. Alas my Lord would I might neuer see it,
 Here are the Dukes of *Suffolke* and of *Norfolke*,
Winchester, *Bedford*, and sir *Richard Rascliffe*,
 With others, but why they come I know not.

Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepar'd,
 For *Gardiner* has my state and life in hand,
 Bid them come in, or you shall doe them wrong,
 For here stands he, whom some thinkes liues too long,
 Learning kills learning, and instead of Inck
 To dip his Pen, *Cromwells* heart blood doth drinke.

G

Enter

The Life and Death

Enter all the Nobles.

Nor. Good morrow *Cromwell*, what alone so sad?

Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad,
For my part, it best fits me be alone,
Sadnelle with me, not I with any one.
What, is the King acquainted with my cause?

Nor. We haue, and he hath answered vs my Lord.

Crom. How, shall I come to speake with him my selfe?

Gard. The King is so aduertised of your guilt,
He will by no meanes admit you to his presence.

Crom. No way admit me, am I so soone forgot?

Did he but yesterday embrace my neck,
And said that *Cromwell* was euen halfe himselfe,
And is his Princely cares so much bewitched
With scandalous ignomie, and slanderous speeches,
That now he doth deny to looke on me,
Well, my Lord of *Windsor*, no doubt but you
Are much in fauour with his Maiestie,
Will you beare a letter from me to his grace?

Gard. Pardon me, we beare no traitors letters.

Crom. Ha, will you doe this kindnesse then?
Tell him by word of mouth, what I shall say to you.

Gard. That will I.

Crom. But on your honour will you?

Gard. I on my honour.

Crom. Beare witness Lords,
Tell him when he hath knowne you,
And tried your faith but halfe so much as mine,
Heele finde you to be the falsest harted man
In England: Pray tell him this.

Bed. Be patient good my Lord in these extreames.

Crom. My kinde and honorable Lord of *Bedford*,
I know your honour alwayes loued me well,
But pardon me, this still shall be my theme.

Gardiner.

of the Lord Cromwell.

Gardiner is the cause makes *Cromwell* so extreame,
Sir Ralph Sadler, pray a word with you,
 You were my man, and all that you possesse
 Came by my meanes, to requite all this,
 Will you take this letter here of me,
 And giue it with your owne hands to the King.

Sad. I kisse your hand, and neuer will I rest,
 Eare to the King this be deliuered. *Exit Sadler.*

Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one friend in store.

Gard. But all the hast he makes shall be but vaine,
 Heres a discharge for your prisoner,
 To see him excused presently:
 My Lord, you here the tenor of your life.

Crom. I doe imbrace it, welcome my last date,
 And of this glistering world I take last leaue,
 And noble Lords, I take my leaue of you,
 As willingly I goe to meete with death,
 As *Gardiner* did pronounce inwith his breath,
 From treason is my hart as white as Snow,
 My death onely procured by my foe:
 I pray commend me to my Soueraigne King,
 And tell him in what sort his *Cromwell* died,
 To loose his head before his cause were tride:
 But let his Grace, when he shall here my name,
 Say onely this, *Gardiner* procured the same.

Enter young Cromwell.

Lien. Here is your sonne come to take his leaue.

Crom. To take his leaue,
 Come hether *Harry Cromwell*,
 Marke boy the last words that I speake to thee,
 Flatter not Fortune, neither sawne vpon her,
 Gape not for state, yet loose no sparke of honour,
 Ambition, like the plague see thou eschew it,
 I die for treason boy, and neuer knew it,
 Yet let thy faith as spotlesse be as mine,
 And *Cromwells* vertues in thy face shall shine,

III: *The Life and Death*

Come goe along and let me leaue my breath,
And let leaue thee vpon the floure of death,

Sen. O father I shall die so for that wound,
Your blood being spilt will make my hart to found,

Crow. How boy, not looke vpon the Axe!
How shall I doe then to haue my head stroke off?

Come on my childe and see the end of all,
And after say that *Gardiner* was my fall.

Gar. My Lord you speake it of an envious hart,
I haue done no more then law and equitie.

Bed. O good my Lord of *Winchester* forbear,
It would better seemed you to beene absent,

Then with your words disturbe a dying man;
Crow. Whome my Lord? no: he disturbers not me,

My minde he stirres not, though his mightie stroke
Hath brought mo peeeres heads downe to the blocke!

Farewell my boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath
My hartie blessing, so I take my leaue.

Hang. I am your deaths man; pray my Lord forgive me;
Crow. Euen with my soule, why man thou art my Doctor,

And brings me precious *Philicke* for my soule,
My Lord of *Bedford* I desire of you,

Before my death a corporall embrace.
Bedford is dead to him, Cromwell

Farewell great Lord, my loue I doe commend,
My hart to you, my soule to heauen I send,

This is my ioy that ere my body fleere,
Your honourd armes is my true winding sheere,

Farewell deare *Bedford*, my price is made in haire,
Thus fall's great *Cromwell* a poore ell in length,

To rise to vnmeasured height, armed with new strength,
The land of *Wormes*, which dying men discouer,

My soule is shrinde with haire, and deathfull cover.
Exit Cromwell and the officers and others.

Bed. Well, farewell to him that will not stand,
That

of the Lord Cromwell.

That euer *Bedford* shall possesse againe,
Well Lords I feare when this man is dead,
Youle wish in vaine that *Cromwell* had a head.

Enter one with Cromwels head.

Offi. Here is the head of the deceased *Cromwell*.

Bed. Pray thee goe hence, and beare his head away,
Vnto his body, interre them both in clay.

Enter for Raulph Sadler.

Sad. Ho now my Lords, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?

Bed. Lord *Cromwells* body now doth want a head,

Sad. O God a little speede had saued his life,
Here is a kinde retriue come from the King,
To bring him straight vnto his Maiestie.

Suff. I, I sir *Raulph*, retriues comes now too late.

Gar. My conscience now tels me this deede was ill,
Would Christ that *Cromwell* were aliuie againe.

Nor. Come let vs to the King whom well I know,
Will gricue for *Cromwell*, that his death was so.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.